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## FEAST SPREAD FOR THE SICK OF MIND

### Insane Asylum Inmates Partake of Turkey Galore.

## THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

### CITIZENS' GENEROSITY ENABLES THE MAD TO ENJOY A BIG SPREAD.

Superintendent Maister Looks After Things and One Hundred and Thirty-Four Unfortunates Receive a Hearty Meal.

Knocking beneath one of the beautiful shade trees on the grounds of the Oahu Insane Asylum yesterday afternoon, with his trembling hands clasped before him, a fellow resting on an empty stomach, the poor demented victim of an awful accident poured forth his thanks to the giver of every good and perfect gift for the little happiness which fate had permitted to enter his darkened life on Thanksgiving Day.

The grizzled head was swathed in bandages. He is recovering slowly from a broken jaw. A nerve in his face is paralyzed. One of his eyes is sightless and the vision of his mind, alas, is also dimmed. His body was wounded and his mind affected by the caving in of a tunnel in which he was working on the Island of Maui. He is a recent arrival at the Territory's Insane Asylum.

He had just finished a Thanksgiving dinner, with great difficulty had he managed to swallow the good things which had been placed before him. The ever thoughtful superintendent, Dr. R. M. Maister, and the sympathetic guards, had seen to it that the most tender morsels of the turkey and the most easily masticated bits of the roast pig, had been eaten and was satisfied and straightway he knelt upon the ground among his adoring fellows and offered up thanks for this little bit of happiness.

It was thought that a Thanksgiving dinner might prove a delight to the inmates of the Oahu Insane Asylum, who, while they have been isolated within their walls, have never tasted of Thanksgiving day. The Republican suggested the idea, and a number of generous citizens immediately came forward with the necessary funds to make the event a success. Some gave money, while a number of merchants provided turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, rabbits, and water and other supplies. It was arranged with George Lycurgas, proprietor of The Union Grill, to supply the dinner, and yesterday morning a wagon drove into the grounds of the asylum and unloaded its heavy freight of everything that goes to make up an ideal Thanksgiving dinner.

There were plenty of big fat, roasted turkeys, well stuffed and accompanied with gravy galore; big pigs and little pigs; elegant in death and appealing to the appetite through the medium of the nostrils as well as the eyes; mashed potatoes with gravy; boiled, baked, and fried, a royal purple hue, and a lot of rice, peas, and the delight of the majority of the inmates, apples and plenty of apples and oranges by the crate, big golden oranges from California and apples from Oregon, such crackers, to fill in the cracks if any could possibly be found; nuts of every variety on the market—peanuts, walnuts, and chestnuts, and soda water. Soda water was served at the table, next to turkey. It took the lightning, and that's the way it went, too.

And then, chewing gum for the women and cigars for the men. The noisiest of the women remained quiet while they worked the gum into proper form for a protracted chew.

And the men, with their cigars? There was more than one of the poor fellows who whiffed a goodly share of smoke away with the infatuated fumes of the luxurious weed.

As soon as the goods were delivered the kitchen functionaries of the asylum fell to work filling up the plates of the inmates.

As "right bells" was struck Captain of the Guards Abrahamson blew his whistle and immediately from all parts of the grounds, the feeble minded, who had for some little time been idly gazing in the direction of the tables where suggestive preparations were being made, came to take their seats around the festive board to partake of the first real Thanksgiving dinner they had ever eaten in the institution.

The long benches on either side of the row of tables were quickly filled. A few inmates, who object to eating with the rest, squatted down under the trees nearby and were handed their soup plates in turn.

The tables were set on the lawn, in the middle of the grounds, in the friendly shade of the big trees. There were big eyes and watering mouths as over a hundred men gathered to unusual meal. The women were accommodated at other tables, a little distance away in their own preserve.

In all, one hundred and thirty-four

people partook of the good things. Thirty one of them were women.

Dr. Maister and Captain Abrahamson and the guards bustled themselves looking after the wants of the men and women. As soon as a man finished his big plate of food, another heaping plate was thrust before him, unless he intimated that he had already eaten as much as he could hold.

Before each man and woman was placed a large plate containing a generous supply of turkey and an assortment of vegetables. Beside his plate was stationed a large bowl of pea soup, and in front of him was piled a heap of fruit and nuts, while bottles of soda water were convenient to his hand.

While the majority of the inmates had expected that something of the kind was on foot, having observed unusual operations going on in the vicinity of the kitchen, there were many of the insane who, when they sat down to the tables, showed on their countenances the most bewildered surprise. As may be imagined, however, the aroma and attractive appearance of the dishes did not permit surprise to last long, and it took but a moment for the lot of them to fall to and make away with all they could conveniently accommodate.

"I'll have to keep an eye on that fat Chinaman over there," said one of the guards. "He eats in a terrific hurry and is evidently afraid that his food will get away from him. He is likely to choke." And, indeed, to look at the face of the fellow, one could see that he was eating as if he never expected to indulge in another meal. He always eats that way, so the guard said.

A long-haired Chinese, at the end of one of the tables, polished off three bowls of pea soup before he would look at the turkey and cranberry sauce. After he had laid a pretty solid foundation of pea soup, he made short work of the big drumstick of turkey and other things and yelled for more.

A second plate was placed before him. When he had eaten about half of this he reached his limit and passed the plate to his neighbor, who lost no time in making the edibles disappear.

A native lad, perched on his toes on the bench, leaning over on the table to be well in reach of everything which was placed before him, was one of the most happy of the whole crowd. With a turkey bone in either hand, he bit first at one piece and then at the other, now and then taking time to address himself to a Chinese on his right or a half-native on his left. He was so happy that he could not keep it all to himself and had to tell his neighbors all about what a good time he was having.

The fellow on his left, a sinister looking individual, wouldn't have much to say and for the most part kept very quiet.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked the fellow on tip-toes to the man of the sinister countenance.

There was nothing but a grunt for reply, while the grunter continued busying himself with his food.

"How do you like the chicken?" was the next interrogation. Another grunt by way of reply and a still more earnest application to the business in hand.

"Do you know what day this is?" asked the native lad, shifting his toes and giving the quiet individual a friendly nudge.

Still another grunt from the sinister man.

"This is our birthday! Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, this is all of us fellows' birthday. Plenty of chicken; plenty of pig; plenty everything. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

A couple of negroes, sitting together, presented a merry spectacle as they polished the delicious meat from the bones of the Thanksgiving bird.

As they munched away at the turkey their expressive eyes told of a contentment and satisfaction that was not thought, it seemed, was absorbed in the glorious fact that they were eating "chicken." They were helped twice.

Nothing was wasted. Everything was utilized for the satisfaction of appetites which are anything but used to such fare as was set before them yesterday.

Hardly a word was spoken at the feast proceeded. Except for the jolly one-sided conversation of the native lad perched on his toes, and the continual talk of a Japanese boy who cannot be repressed under any circumstances, the meal passed in a most eloquent silence. Jaws were too busy otherwise and conversation was scarce.

The poor fellow with the broken jaw, referred to at the beginning of this article, seemed to enjoy his meal, although it must have been painful for him to chew anything. Most of that which went in his mouth was swallowed without mastication.

No well patrons of a cosmopolitan hotel were ever waited on with more attention and care than were the inmates of the Insane Asylum yesterday. Captain Abrahamson and his guards had their eyes everywhere, and there were none who did not receive all they wanted and in some cases, more than they needed.

There were one or two who seemed not to care whether they ate or not. One was a large, healthy looking man, who would not so much as look upon his heaping plate. When the plate was placed before him he turned his head away and yawned. No amount of coaxing could induce him to eat. An old Chinese, who sat next to him, did all in his power to induce him to enjoy himself with the rest, but without success.

It was pathetic to observe the kindly attentions of the old Chinese. It was plainly a case of the blind leading the blind. It was a little glimpse into the social life of these unfortunates, whose feeble minds bar them

## FOOTBALL WITH A FEW VARIATIONS

### An Exciting Time on the Gridiron at Punahou.

## THE COLLEGE BOYS WIN; 29 TO 6

### UMPIRE CARTER RULES "SONNY" CUNHA OUT AND THERE IS TROUBLE.

An Immense Crowd Witnesses Much Interrupted Game Between the Teams of the Honolulu and Punahou Athletic Clubs.

Thanksgiving Day on the gridiron at Punahou was an interesting and exciting event. Over two thousand people turned out in the afternoon to witness the football game between the teams of the Honolulu Athletic Club and the Punahou Athletic Club. It was the best attended game of the season and all Honolulu's fashionable folks were on hand, filling up the reserved seats, crowding to the lines on all sides and rubbing elbows several rows deep.

The Honolulu boys played a strong game and a clever one, but the cunning of the Punahou was too much for them. The fine team work of the Punahou won out after a hard game with a score of 29 to 6. The Punahou making five touchdowns and four goals, while the Honolulu made one touchdown and one goal.

During the first few minutes of the game the contest was very even and it seemed that the game was likely to go on with both sides pretty evenly matched. But a very few moments passed, however, before the Punahou made a touchdown, after a vigorous bit of rush work and some brilliant runs.

Several things not on the program occurred, which, while they rather added to the excitement, might just as well have been left out of the day's happenings.

George Carter was umpiring the game. In an early part of the play he ruled William Vida of the Honolulu off the field for slugging. Vida asserted that he was not slugging, and there were a number of his comrades who declared that there had been no slugging. The Honolulu boys did not seem to be satisfied with the decision of Mr. Carter. They had objected to a few minor decisions before Vida was ruled out of the game.

The men of the Honolulu Athletic team protested against Mr. Carter's decisions several times, intimating that his rulings were prejudiced in favor of the Punahou boys. On this ruling out of Vida the game was delayed several minutes by argument. Mr. Carter held to his decision and the Honolulu lined up to resume the game under protest.

For the rest of the first half the game was hot and heavy. The Punahou did not play as well as they had played at the start, and the Honolulu team the Honolulu improved wonderfully toward the end of the first half and did noble work. The Honolulu worked the ball continually into the territory of the Punahou and, by hard fighting and some beautiful wedge work, toward the end of the half, made a magnificent touchdown and afterwards kicked the goal, scoring six.

This touchdown was a pretty piece of work, one of the best operations of the entire game. Less than two minutes before the Honolulu scored, the ball was almost in the center of the field. The sides had been struggling for three or four minutes over about ten yards of ground, back and forth. Suddenly, when people were expecting a do-or-die play, the Honolulu was seen to fly from the bunch, backed by some splendid interference, make a dash down the Punahou's left, swinging one man who endeavored to tackle him head over heels from his path and landing the ball in the center between the goal posts of the Punahou. The din that followed from the multitude was terrific. Gleason was bruised more by pats on the back than he was in the game itself.

How Gleason ever got the ball was something the spectators could not see. Punahou had the ball and one of their men was making a dash with it. It tumbled it, and Gleason grabbed it and was off to the scoring line.

That the Honolulu Athletics were not satisfied with the umpire was manifested throughout the game. Some of the Honolulu boys wanted to know why Kimball of the Punahou was not ruled off for jumping on the face of a member of their team, while he was down. They seemed to think the action was intentional. The umpire did not think so. Anyway, one of the Honolulu men will wear his face in a sling for a day or two.

There was more argument and the Honolulu spoke earnestly of giving up the game. They claimed the umpire was against them and that the boys of the Punahou team were doing dirty work. For a moment it looked as if the game was to end there and then. The umpire, Mr. Carter, anxious

to settle any differences or misunderstandings which might exist between the sides, stepped aside with the captain of the teams and endeavored to talk the matter to a proper understanding. The rest of the players naturally crowded around. Mr. Carter became somewhat vexed and started to clear the field. This was a difficult task and was abandoned. The Honolulu Athletics, however, agreed to play the game out and the ball was again put into play.

The game had not progressed very far before "Sonny" Cunha was ruled off the field. The umpire said he was slugging. Cunha vigorously protested that he had not indulged in slugging. He said he did not strike a blow during the game. Mr. Carter stuck to his decision and ordered Cunha off the field. Cunha got mad and the rest of the Honolulu boys also became very angry. They repeated their protest and the effect was that Carter was favoring the Punahou and that the Punahou was playing a dirty game. The Honolulu was going to quit the game this time. Persuasion was brought to bear, however, and they decided to please the people by playing the game out.

The second half opened with some lively work. The Punahou began with a rush and ended in the same manner, carrying everything before them in great style. Whether the Honolulu lost heart by their unpleasant experiences, is difficult to say. The Punahou certainly took everything their way and kept it.

Early in the second half Cunha walked onto the gridiron to see what was going on. Play had been suspended for a minute or two and some of the Honolulu boys were arguing with the umpire. Cunha went onto the field to see what it was all about. Mr. Carter saw him and ordered him off the field. Cunha refused to leave the field while the playing was suspended. He said he was a member of one of the teams and had a right to see what was going on. Carter called for the police and Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth and Acting Captain Leslie galloped their horses to the scene. Carter ordered Chillingworth to put Cunha off the field. Cunha was marched off the field, between the two mounted officers.

Carter ordered Cunha put back to the ropes. Cunha defied Carter to put him behind the ropes. Carter ordered Chillingworth to put Cunha outside the line. Chillingworth hesitated to do it, but Carter insisted. He ordered Cunha out. "I'll go outside for Charlie," said Cunha. Carter said that unless Cunha went outside the ropes his side would forfeit the game.

Shortly afterward Cunha was again observed on the field. Carter again ordered him off. Cunha refused to get off. Carter again called the police. Chillingworth and Leslie again galloped their steeds to the scene of action. People were wildly excited. The game was forgotten by the nearest the trouble. They were anxious to see what was taking place between Cunha of the Honolulu team and Umpire Carter. Hundreds of people broke through the lines to see what was going on. The police galloped here and there in hot haste, frightened women and children who were in danger from the flying hoofs of the horses. Everybody was yelling.

"I ruled you out of this game for slugging," cried Carter. "And I ordered you off the field. You have disobeyed me by coming on the field and I now order you off again. You are delaying the game and if you delay it two minutes longer your side must forfeit the game."

"You can't force the game," shouted a dozen voices. "What's right, you talking about? Show the rules!"

"We'll talk about rules at some other time," answered Carter. "This game will not go on until Cunha gets off the field."

Cunha who was standing within a couple of feet of the ropes refused to move.

But that man off the field! Put him behind the ropes!" shouted Carter to Chillingworth. Chillingworth commenced to dismount. He did not seem anxious to put Cunha off. He evidently objected to this method of running a football game. Carter again ordered Cunha off. The matter was by this time being argued by some twenty men. Cunha stood firm as a rock. He had been running over Gleason in his mind. He could not remember that he had forfeited the game in a case of this kind. "I'll stay where I am," he said to Carter. "We'll see," said Carter, and with that he ducked as if charging in a game of football and made a dash at Cunha, crashing into the fat man's chest. The onslaught was terrific, for Carter is a powerful man. The impression on Cunha, however, did not amount to much. What Cunha would have done it is impossible to say, for as soon as Carter tackled Cunha the police were separated by the crowd. Chillingworth told Cunha to stay outside the ropes.

Cunha did not appear on the field again until Blaisdell had his knee cap kicked out of place, when Cunha was the first man to take aid to the injured. Cunha was not ordered off the field on this occasion.

During the excitement, while Chillingworth was looking after Cunha, his horse became frightened and galloped around the field. A few hundred of the crowd closed in and caught him.

The game was an exciting one all the way through.

The gentle pasture gaded, as above intimated, with a score of 29 to 6, in favor of the Punahou.

The line-up as published in yesterday's Republican. Ellis and took places of Vida and Cunha when the latter were ruled off the field.

## THANKFULNESS, A RARE BLESSING

### Immense Congregation Gathers at Union Services.

## DR. KINGAID'S VERY ABLE ADDRESS

### SPECIAL INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL SELECTIONS GREET THREE CONGREGATIONS.

Spirit of Thanksgiving too Powerful for the Woes of Grumblers—Making Others Happy Pronounced Commendable.

An edifice crowded with people availed themselves of the privilege of worshipping and voicing their thankfulness at a Union service held yesterday morning at Central Union church. Three congregations united in the morning service. The Methodist, the Christian and Central Union. Members and friends packed the latter edifice to its utmost capacity. The church had been very prettily decorated for the occasion. The pulpit platform and organ loft were banked with palms and evergreens.

The prelude "Andante Cantabile," Professor Ingalls presiding at the organ was accompanied by Miss Iola E. Barber. The doxology was followed by an invocation by Rev. W. D. Westervelt.

The Thanksgiving proclamation issued by the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, was read by Albert F. Judd.

The selections by the special choir were all of a very high order, and pleasing in rendition.

Rev. E. S. Muckley, of the Christian church, conducted a responsive reading, after which prayer was offered by Rev. George L. Pearson, pastor of the First Methodist church.

Owing to illness, Mrs. A. H. Otis was unable to be present and participate in a duet with Mrs. G. M. Whitney during the offertory, consequently a substitution was made in place of the proposed duet, and Mrs. Whitney sweetly sang a solo during the taking up of the morning offering.

"To Whom Shall We Be Thankful" was the theme Rev. William Kingaid took for his discourse.

The address abounded in salient points and was food for much thought and reflection. Dr. Kingaid's address was as follows:

Theme: "To Whom Shall We Be Thankful?" Text: Psalm 104: "Be Thankful Unto Him." Lesson: Psalm 104.

My subject this morning is the question whether there is anybody anywhere to whom we can be rationally thankful. I take as my text two words from the fourth verse of the One Hundredth Psalm, "Be thankful."

As I have studied this subject of thankfulness it has seemed to me to be very largely a matter of temperament—something, however, that, like all other natural faculties, can be educated, made larger, deeper, broader, more fruitful. Some people seem to be born thankful. They go through life cheery, sunny, appreciative, ready to see the good in their circumstances, the good in others, the good all around them, and to be glad and grateful for it. Oftentimes they are people of little education, whose lives seem very barren and empty, whose homes are of the simplest kind, and who are themselves driven from morning to night with toil, and yet they go on their way singing and glad, apparently thankful just because they are living because they can breathe the fresh air, see the blue sky, and look out over this marvellous world. On the other hand others seem to be born with just the opposite disposition; they come into the world with a cry, and go through it with a grumble, seeing nothing anywhere for which they are to be grateful. They remind you of the poet's description of the grumbler:

The grumbler has sorrows more deep than his tears,  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;  
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away  
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.  
But, alas! 'tis too late; it is no use to say!  
That his eyes are too dim and his heart is too gray;  
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be;  
There is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.  
And so he continues to grumble away.  
He grumbles by night and he grumbles by day.  
He grumbles at life, but to live now he pants;  
And he'll grumble in heaven if he has half a chance."

The life of the grumbler may be full of blessing, full of good, full of material for enjoyment, and yet he sees nothing for which to be grateful, no cause for thanksgiving either to God or man. You remember the significant story of Haman, in the old book of Esther, who was the greatest

man in the kingdom next to the king himself, having power, wealth and every means of personal gratification at his disposal, and yet at the same time sour, disappointed, and angry, seeing no cause for gratitude or joy, because there was one man in the realm too independent to bend the knee before him. How many people there are who compare what they have with what they desired to have. As they look around over the world, and think of the ten thousand things they hoped to get or hoped to do or hoped to become, a sense of dissatisfaction arises in them, and drowns out any feeling of gratitude. Then there is another class of people who feel that the very attitude of thankfulness has about it a touch of humility that lacks in manliness. Some people do not like to feel that they are under any obligation to anyone, to their friends or neighbors. They do not like to feel that they even owe God very much, because somehow it oppresses them, and they feel humiliated at the thought.

Then there are others—and in these days the number seems to be multiplying—who as the result of the transition of thought through which we are passing, because of their questions concerning God, concerning the meaning of life, concerning human destiny, have been thrown into such a state of doubt that they are asking seriously whether life is worth living, whether there is really anything in life for which to be thankful, unless one can know the outcome and the end. I believe that this is only a temporary phase of thought through which the world is passing, and I have only the profoundest sympathy for those who are suffering from it.

And now the question I wish to ask this morning, and to endeavor to answer is a question springing out of what I have been saying, is there anyone to whom we should be thankful? If there is, how shall we express our gratitude; shall it be in words or in deeds?

In the first place, then, is there anyone to whom we should be grateful? It was easy enough in the old days with the theory of the world that then prevailed and with the old conception of God, and of his methods of governing the universe, for men to be thankful to God, because they had no thought of what we are accustomed, in philosophic and scientific terms, to speak of as second causes, the laws of forces of nature—laws and forces that are deaf and cannot hear that are blind and cannot see, that are heartless and cannot feel. They recognized God at first hand, as a local, direct, personal deity, who moved in the movements and changes of the universe. It was God whispering in the breeze, riding on the wings of the wind, who made the clouds his angels and the flames his messengers. Our forefathers who settled New England, and who founded Thanksgiving Day, were not troubled about natural laws, about the forces of the universe. They did not question whether God could hear them, or whether it were possible for him in answer to prayer to interfere with the natural order of the universe. If the crops were thirsty, and the ground parched, the minister prayed for rain without any thought of any law of nature that he need take account of. And if the rain came, they thanked God with just as much simplicity as they thanked a friend when he gives them the things they desired. But all this has changed with the progress of human knowledge. We now find ourselves confronted by this great mechanism of things which we call nature, this system of law and order that scientists tell us is not interfered with by any prayer that no cry of the human heart can touch or change. And so, if we question whether God could hear them, or whether it were possible for him in answer to prayer to interfere with the natural order of things, we are told; and no thanks are due to God.

Suppose you wish to make a voyage to the mainland. If the ship is not well built, will prayer, it is asked, remedy a defect in her hull, or adjust any disarrangement of her machinery, or strengthen the boiler so as to make it bear more than just so much pressure of steam? If you are crossing the Atlantic and an iceberg comes drifting down from the north, and your ship is enveloped in fog, so that you cannot see a boatlength ahead, and you come into collision with it, we are told that this is a part of the natural order of things that could not have been foreseen, that no prayer could have prevented. And we are told that it is precisely the same in every other department of life. The farmer plants his crop; but he knows it is a matter of the condition of the soil, of the quality of the seed, of the amount of cultivation, whether he will get a crop or not. If he neglects these things, no amount of praying will make any difference with the result. And so men have come to think that there are no direct appeals to God, but with the natural forces of the world; and that it depends upon them, upon their intelligence, their skill, their industry, their faithfulness, whether they will receive the reward of their labors. To whom, then, they ask, shall we be thankful? I and the impersonal forces of nature have done it all. And then take the question of man's relation to his fellow-men. If he does not feel that he has any need for being thankful to God, he is apt to feel that he has no more reason for being thankful to man. I sometimes hear a man say: "I came into this world without asking to be brought here. I owe no thanks to anybody for that. Life was thrust upon me: I

## THANKSGIVING IN THE CITY YESTERDAY

### All Nationalities Enter Into Spirit of the Day.

## CELEBRATION GENERAL ALL AROUND

### A GOOD TIME HAD BY MEN, WOMEN AND EVEN THE NEWSBOYS.

Business Suspended and the Day Spent as it Should Be—Sports and Other Diversions—Church Services, Turkey, Roast Pig, Etc.

Honolulu yesterday expressed her thanks, and incidentally had a glorious time. Some one has said that the best way to be grateful is to be happy. If Honolulu was as grateful yesterday, for all the benefits which she has received, as she was happy, then she must have been very grateful indeed.

In the first place the weather, always a matter with which to be reckoned, was ideal. Heaven smiled her blessing and the songs of praise and thanksgiving in the churches (and the prayers for a continuation of all blessings heretofore received and for a few more new benefits) had a clear and beautiful atmosphere through which to travel on their journey from this earthly world to the realms beyond the distance.

Having been to church and said its prayers, Honolulu proceeded to prove its gratitude by being just as happy as the day was long. There were delightful drives which had been planned; theater parties and hotel parties and all kinds of parties. Then there was the feasting portion of the day. Some people confined themselves to the good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner at home, the best place in the world. Others, including bachelors and boarding-house victims, accepted invitations of friends or hastened to Honolulu's swell hotels and restaurants to feast.

The cars of the Rapid Transit Company carried great signs inviting everybody to go out and see the football game. It seemed that nearly everyone went. The cars, Paul's male cars too, were crowded. They were crowded all day, for there were other things going on besides the football game. There were luncheon galore. There were social functions in abundance. Business was forgotten. No one cared whether school kept or not. The price of sugar or the condition of the market bothered very few of the bloated bond holders of this flourishing community. It was a day of rejoicing.

In the mansion on the hill and in the kerosene can hut on the dock-shore there was rejoicing. Lots of people gave thanks just because everybody else seemed to be doing it. Some people who never give thanks to anybody or anything on any other day in the year, spread themselves on Thanksgiving yesterday.

In the palace and the hut there was turkey, or pig, or something good. The children celebrated the day and gave thanks for their good appetites. The grown-ups celebrated and feasted and functioned and voted the day a success.

Hawaii is progressing. Yesterday was, perhaps, the most American Thanksgiving that has ever been celebrated in these islands. The Stars and Stripes floated over more roasted turkeys yesterday than it has ever seen in Hawaii at one time before. According to all reports, turkey had the better of roast pig yesterday. Turkey is the national bird when it comes to Thanksgiving Day.

The list of things for which Hawaii is thankful is too long to enumerate. She hopes to have more things to be thankful for next year. That's progress.

After the theater last evening there was a dance at the Hawaiian Hotel. The hotel was profusely decorated with palms and potted plants. It was the same with the Moana Hotel.

Among those who gave dinner parties at the Hawaiian last night were E. B. McClanahan, H. R. Macfarlane and James Neill. Mr. and Mrs. Lake entertained Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Cameron and E. H. Neill, at Mrs. G. S. Grant entertained a number at dinner. There were one hundred and sixty special guests at dinner at the Hawaiian. The Quintette Club furnished music during the evening.

The Star newboys were given a delightful time during the day. In 1899 Manager Hoogs, of the Star, established the system of giving the boys a dinner and good time on Thanksgiving Day. Yesterday the old rule was followed out. After a hearty turkey dinner, the boys were taken on buses to the football game and were afterward given a drive about the city. Each of the lively news merchants was provided with a horn and made his noise-producer heard. The whole city took a lively interest in the newboys' festivity.

The Evening Bulletin also had its boys' out for a ride.